

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Cour. The carriage fir are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be more *German* to the matter if we could carrie a Canon by our ſides, I would it might bee hangers till then, but on, ſix *Barbary* horſes againſt ſix *French* Swords their aſſignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the *French* bet againſt the *Daniſh*, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King ſir, hath laid ſir, that in a dozen paſſes betweene your ſelfe and him, he ſhall not exceed you three hits, he hath laid on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordſhip would vouchſafe the anſwere.

Ham. How if I anſwere no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the oppoſition of your perſon in trial.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, If it pleaſe his Maieſty, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe; I will win for him and I can, if not I will gaine nothing but my ſhame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you ſo?

Ham. To this effect ſir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

Cour. I commend my dutie to your Lordſhip.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himſelfe, there are no tongues elſe for his turne.

Hera. This Lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. A did ſo ſir with his dugg before a ſuckt it, thus has he and many more of the ſame breed that I know the droſſie age dotes on, onely got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of miſtic collection, which carries them through and through the moſt profane and trennowned opinons, and doe but blow them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maieſtie commended him to you by yong *Oſtricke*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall, he ſends to know if your pleaſure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they follow the Kings pleaſure, if his fitteſſe ſpeakes, mine is ready: now or whenſoeuer, provided I be ſo able as now.

Lord.

Prince of Denmarke.

Lord. The King and Queene and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene deſires you to uſe ſome gentle entertain-ment to *Laertes*, before you go to play.

Ham. Shee well inſtructs me.

Hera. You will looſe my Lord.

Ham. I do not think ſo, ſince he went into *France*, I haue bin in continuall praetiſe, I ſhall winne at the oddes; thou would'ſt not thinke how ill all's heere about my heart, but it is no matter.

Hera. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolerie, but it is ſuch a kind of game-giuing, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hera. If your mind diſlike any thing, obay it. I ſhall foreſtall their repaire hither and ſay you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit we deſie Augurie, there is ſpeciall providence in the fall of a Sparrow, if it bee, tis not to come, if it bee not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it will come, the readineſſe is all, ſince no man of ought he leaues, knowes what iſt to leaue betimes, let be.

A table prepared, Trumpets, Drums and Officers with Cuſhions, King, Queene, and all the ſtate, Foiles, Daggers, and Laertes.

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon ſir, I haue done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a Gentleman, this preſence knowes, And you muſt needs haue heard, how I am puniſht With a ſore diſtraction: what I haue done

That might your nature, honour, and exception Roughly awake I heere proclaim was madneſſe, Waſt *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet*, If *Hamlet* from himſelfe be tane away,

And when he's not himſelfe, doe's wrong *Laertes*.

Then *Hamlet* doe's it not, *Hamlet* denies it, Who does it then? his madneſſe. Iſt be ſo, *Hamlet* is of the faction that is wronged, His madneſſe is poore *Hamlet's* enemy, Let my diſclaiming from a purpoſ'd euill, Free me ſo farre in your moſt generous thoughts That I haue ſhot my Arrow ore the houſe

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